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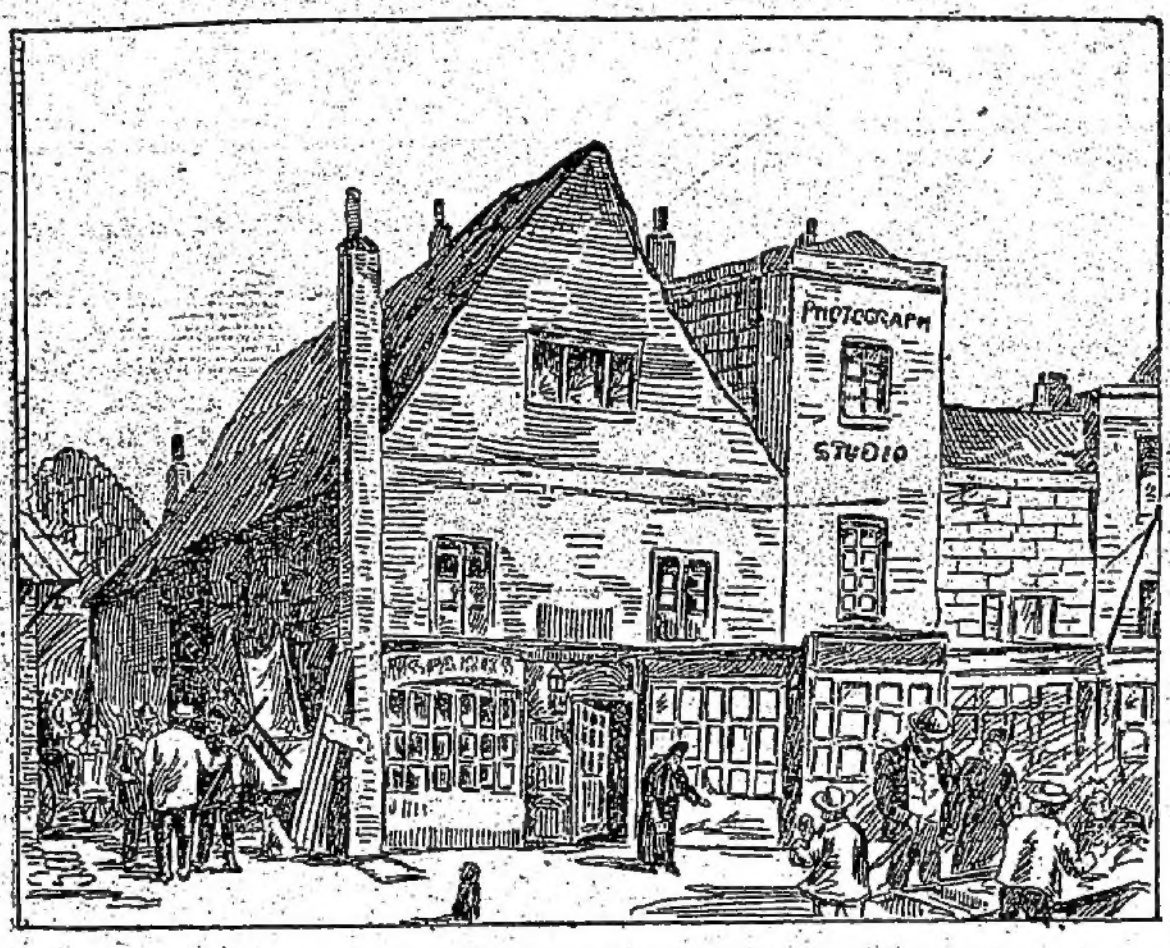
Richard Baxter's House.

In Acton, Middlesex, England, stands the quaint old weather-beaten house in which the great non-conformist preacher, Richard Baxter, author of 'The Saints' Everlasting Rest,' and other books, lived with his gentle companion and amiable wife. It has suffered from time and vandalism, and efforts are now being made to rescue it from threatened destruction. This house speaks of one of the most interesting periods in Baxter's life. It was to Acton he went in 1662, after being dispossessed of his Kidderminster parish, and preaching his last sermon in London before the Act of Uniformity (St. Bartholomew's Act, it was called, because it went into force on St. Bartholomew's Day), which excluded 2,000 divines from service in the English Church. From here he was sent to Clerkenwell prison on the charge of holding a conventicle, of which matter, he says, he was 'grieved to leave his people, and that he was to be deprived of the exceeding grateful neighborhood of the Lord Baron Hale (Sir Matthew, the Chief Justice), who could scarce refrain from tears when he heard of the first warrant for my appearance.' Mrs. Baxter chose to share his incarceration. My wife,' he wrote, 'was never so cheerful a companion to me as in prison. She had brought so many necessaries that we kept house as contentedly and comfortably as at home, though in a narrower room.' It was to Acton he had brought her a bride, he near fifty, she in her twenties. He had expressed positive and public disapprobation of marriage for clergymen, and 'the king's marriage was hardly more talked of than his.' Margaret Charlton came under deep conviction while listening to him at Kidderminster. She learned to love him; their marriage ended more happily than was feared by those who knew his peculiar disposition and the incongruity of their ages. 'We lived,' he wrote, 'in inviolated love. I know not that ever we had any breach in point of love or interest, save only that she somewhat grudged that I had persuaded her to surrender so much of her estate to the disabling of her from helping others so much as she desired.' Of their life in this old house at Acton, he says, she busied herself in household affairs and was very happy. The conditions of marriage which he had laid down, and she had accepted, were these: 1. He should have possession of no property belonging to her before marriage. 2. That she should so alter her affairs that he would be entangled in no law-suits. 3. That 'she would expect none of my time which my ministerial work should require.' He testifies after her death that she increased his usefulness, often calling his attention to duties which sickness caused him to forget. —'Christian Herald.'



RICHARD BAXTER'S HOUSE AT ACTON, ENGLAND.

Wherein Lies Power.

A lady teacher in one of the missions of the United Brethren in North Africa, became greatly interested in a very intelligent, but repulsive-looking old negro priest. She often conversed with him, and sometimes found him a willing and quiet listener. Blood-stained heathen as he was—for in the service of his terrible religion he had officiated at unnumbered human sacrifices—he nevertheless seemed to feel the charm of the gospel story as the Christian woman told it, and evidently stood in some awe of the book she always carried.

One day he said to her, 'I like the word you talk. It is sweet past anything I ever heard, and if I wasn't my master's slave, I'd be a Jesus man.'

His 'master' had been dead thirty years! Pointing to the burial mound near-by, he exclaimed, 'If you knew what a great man he was, and how he could punish, you wouldn't teach me to change my faith!'

It seemed that the superstitious African had been the vassal and pupil of a more powerful priest, whose cruel memory held him to endless servitude—a pagan Samuel bound to the tomb of a pagan Eli. For thirty years he had watched over that grave with a kind of demon-worship, building a fire there every evening, and offering every morning a sacrifice of rice and rum. There was something appalling in the old man's frown as he announced his degrading homage to the grave.

Then there came to the lady's mind the reference to the grave, of an inspired poet three thousand years ago. She turned to the third chapter of Job, and read the nineteenth verse: 'The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.' The effect upon the astonished priest was as if a voice from the sky had spoken to him. There was an agony of anxiety in the tone when at length he asked, 'Is that really so?'

The truth came to him with all the force of a new thought, and it finally released him. Once assured that he was no longer his old master's slave, he was as eager to be a follower of Christ as he had formerly been afraid to be. His teacher framed a simple prayer for him, which he was quick to learn. To him it meant the surrender of his old superstition once for all. When the teacher would have made him go over it again, he asked her:

'Does God hear the first time?'

'Yes.'

'Then,' said he, 'no need to tell him twice,'

For once the pupil was wiser than his guide. She felt that the warning not to 'use vain repetitions as the heathen do,' had come back on herself.

More blessed than any triumph of eloquence or scholarship is the gift to say the right word—and no more. It is an inspiration as truly as the word itself. — 'Youth's Companion.'

Sister Anne.

In 1845 a young society girl drifted into an Episcopal church. She was the daughter of wealthy parents, and her whole time was given up to the thoughtless dissipation of time indulged in by many society people. That morning, little dreaming that it was to be the most eventful day of her life, she laughed, dressed herself beyond criticism, went to the church and nonchalantly took her seat in her friend's pew.

The man who occupied the pulpit that day was the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, in New York. He was a devotee to charitable works, and his words were the expression of a large Christian experience.

In his sermon that morning he drew a picture of Jephthah, the warrior, who, in an agony of prayer for victory, promised to sacrifice the first thing met on his way home from a victorious battle-field. The awful sequel followed: the greeting of his daughter as she came outside the city walls with her attendant minstrels, to welcome the victor, and the relentless fulfilment of the father's vow by the offering up of his dearest possession.

The spiritual application of this terrible drama made such an impression on the young society girl that she decided immedi-

ately to consecrate her life to the work of the Church. In order that the renunciation might be complete she was ordained as a Sister of the Holy Communion. Then her religious life began.

She established as a first venture a school for abandoned girls. Very soon a dispensary followed. In a short time the cholera epidemic came, and the girl who once thought it her highest mission to lead a cotillon discovered that she was happier to lead a band of nurses. Wherever the scourge raged, there Sister Anne was to be found. She was absolutely without fear. No danger was too great, no loathsome work too hard for her. The sick blessed her, the dying looked their last into her loving eyes.

After the epidemic passed, and there was no longer any need of dramatic heroism, she quietly gave the rest of her life to the Sisterhood of St. Luke's Hospital. To be an everyday nurse, to have common drudgery, to relieve suffering that ranged through the whole gamut of misery, to bury herself in unheroic work — herein lay her womanly heroism.

The sisterhood that she founded has now many thousands of members throughout the world. When she died at an advanced age her only request was that her ashes should be placed beside those of the preacher who opened her eyes for the first time to the unselfish uses and the true value of this mortal life.

Such, in a few words, is the story of a faithful and triumphant stewardship. To her the first step must have seemed a great sacrifice; but very soon the sacrifice was sublimated into contentment and joy. To all of us the the secret of the way to make the best use of life is shown in some of the conditions and associations in which we are placed. The revelation of what we ought to do and what we can become greets us in plenty of time for a decisive choice. For the sake of a few slight, evanescent pleasures shall we allow the soul's opportunity for beneficent, godlike achievement to pass us forever by?—'Youth's Companion.'

The Queen and the Umbrella.

There is a story that the Queen of England, in one of her wanderings among the cottages of the poor, was caught in a shower.

Entering the dwelling of an old woman, she said:

'Will you lend me an umbrella?'

'I hae twa umbrellas,' said the old woman; 'ane is a guid ane, t' other verra old. You may take this; I'll maybe never see it again,' and she handed over the old umbrella, which showed its ribs, through its coarse, torn cover. The visitor took the umbrella, which was better than nothing; and went forth into the rain. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants returned the umbrella, and then the cottager knew what she had missed.

'Eh! eh! had I but kenned who it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to the best of a' that I hae in the world,' exclaimed the mortified old woman. She had missed her opportunity; she did not know her visitor.

To the woman by Jacob's well the Saviour said, 'If thou knewest the gift of God; and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given thee living water.'

How much we miss when we do not know the things which belong to our peace. 'There standeth One among you whom ye know not,' said the great preacher on the banks of Jordan. Many in that great day will say, 'When saw we thee a-hungered or a-thirst?' They do not recognize the Son of God in the person of his humblest child.'

'There are those who would traverse oceans and cross continents to do a kindness to the Saviour of sinners, but who miss the opportunities within their reach and before their eyes.

They do not perceive in the faint and weary traveller who asks a cup of cold water, a likeness to him who, 'wearied with his journey, sat on Jacob's well.' They do not see in those who are reproached and scorned for righteousness's sake, the representatives of that Man of Sorrows who stood at Pilate's bar and hid not his face from shame and spitting.

They do not discern in the scoffed-at follower of the Lord Jesus any resemblance to him who was 'despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' They do not recognize in the worn and weary bearer of the gospel message, the representative of him who 'went about doing good.'—'American Messenger.'

Thoughts From Plato.

Better be unborn than untaught; for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

If a man be endued with a generous mind, that is the best kind of nobility.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.

Nearly all the blunders committed by man arise from continued adoration of one's self.

PLATO.

Passionate persons are like men who stand upon their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

He that lendeth to another in time of prosperity, shall never want help himself in the time of adversity.

He that boasteth himself to know everything is the most ignorant, and he that presumeth to know nothing is wise.

Except wise men be made governors, or governors be made wise men, mankind shall never live in quiet, nor virtue be able to defend herself.

The proud man is forsaken of God; being forsaken, he groweth resolute in impiety, and after purchaseth a just punishment for his presuming sin.

—'Great Thoughts.'

Inasmuch.

A large, coarse-featured woman was Mrs. K.; her hat was trimmed with red and blue ribbons, and her dresses were ill-fitting. I could perceive the odors of the kitchen about her, so at the lecture-room meetings I always avoided a seat near her if possible. She was a member of our church, and I supposed a very good woman, but I thought how much pleasanter it would be if all our church members were genteel and well-dressed, and people I could associate with.

A very different woman was another member, Mrs. P. She was a widow; her husband, dying suddenly, had left her in very straitened circumstances. She made the best of what little means she had, and we ladies of the church gave her nice sewing and embroidery to do, so she got along quite comfortably. She had a pretty figure, dressed with taste and neatness, and, though poor, was a pleasant woman to meet and converse with.

One Sunday I did not see Mrs. P. at church, I inquired for her.

'Why, don't you know? She has not been out of the house for five weeks, she has been very sick—not expected to live at one time.'

'Indeed! I must go and see her.' So on Monday morning I selected some jellies and other delicacies from my well-filled pantries, made a nice bouquet from my conservatory, arranged all with white napkins in a neat little basket, and went with a very complacent feeling to call on Mrs. P. I found her pale and thin, propped up in her chair, but convalescent. 'How have you been cared for in your sickness?'

'I don't know what I should have done but for Mrs. K.'

'What! that large woman who belongs to our church?'

'The same; she moved in downstairs just before I was taken ill, and it seemed as if God had sent her. Of her own accord she has taken care of me, kept my clothes and room clean, seen to my medicines, lifted me in and out of bed with her strong arms, and, though I know I have been at times peevish, cross and exacting, she has always been kind, and never showed any impatience but once, and that was when I spoke of paying her. If she had been my own mother she could not have been kinder.'

When I learned that while doing all this Mrs. K. had three children to care for and a dissipated husband, who was a poor provider, I felt humbled at my contemptible benevolence and ashamed at the pride I had felt toward Mrs. K. I sought and I hope I obtained forgiveness from our Heavenly Father, and I know that it has since seemed a privilege at our evening prayer meetings to look on the same hymn-book with the sister who wore the red and blue ribbons.—'American Messenger.'

Not Grudgingly.

If giving is to be acceptable to God, the heart must accompany the hand in the offering made. 'Every man as he purposeth in his heart,' is Paul's word. 'Not grudgingly,' says the apostle, which literally means 'not with grief.' Do not give if you are going to cry over the parting. 'Not grudgingly or of necessity.' That is to say, not with a wrench, and not with any compulsion, save that born of a grateful, loving heart. Much of our giving, it is to be feared, would not stand this test. And God tests it all. He loves a cheerful giver. No wonder! When he gave his Son, he freely gave him up for us all. When Christ gave himself to die in our stead the only compulsion back of the gift was the compulsion of love.

'Nothing brought him from above
Nothing but redeeming love.'

Our giving must pattern after, though it may not peer the divine.—N.Y. 'Observer.'

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eyes until the long lashes rested on her cheek.

Philip's brow cleared. He had gained his point, and he made himself so pleasant for the remainder of the evening that Hannah could not help becoming happy and hopeful.

'After all,' she thought, 'Ted may take a turn for the better; it is no use in meeting trouble half-way.'

Ted came home earlier that night than usual, and seemed in good spirits, which cheered her up still more, and she went to bed to dream of Philip, and of wandering with him on golden sands with the waves lapping at their feet.

CHAPTER II.

Philip's mother and sister lived in the last cottage in the village, and he had shared their home until he had obtained his present appointment—a year ago. He had not asked them to move to the school-house with him, as it was to have a permanent mistress; neither had his mother wished to do so. She was still in the prime of life, a strong, vigorous, independent woman, able to hold her own and to earn her living as the village dressmaker, in which calling she was assisted by her daughter Grace.

Grace had the softest voice and the sweetest brown eyes in the village. Her manner was gentle and engaging, and it was her taste in trimming and finishing off the dresses which brought in most of the custom.

She had reached the age of three and twenty without having kept company with any young man, in spite of her pretty face, and she was hardly aware herself that she had a secret fancy for a certain wild lad with a pair of bright blue eyes which would sometimes look pleadingly into hers.

Grace was compassionate by nature, and all maimed, hurt creatures—wild or tame—seemed to come to her by instinct to be petted and tended. Philip and her mother were alike in character, strictly just and upright, but inclined to be severe on the failings of others, whereas she was always more ready to pity than to blame.

When haymaking began that summer Ted gave up his evening visits to the town and went to have a bit of fun in the hay, on the plea of helping the farmers. Grace was there also, glad to exchange her toil at the needle for the more pleasant task of tossing the fragrant grass. Somehow or another Ted found himself always at her side, and gradually the knowledge came to him that he loved her and would be willing to give up all his bad habits and to steady down for good if she would only care for him in return.

True, she was two years older than himself, but that went for nothing in the village, where it was quite a usual thing for girls to marry men several years younger than themselves.

Hannah rejoiced to see the improvement in her brother and his more affectionate manner to herself; and one evening when he came home with his young face all flushed with joy, and told her that Grace cared for him, and that he was going to be quite steady, and have done with Brown and his set for evermore.

Hannah kissed him warmly, and wished him joy with all her heart, for she knew that to love a girl like Grace might be the saving of him. Her only doubt was whether Mrs. Day and Philip would look with favor on the match.

'What does Mrs. Day say to it?' asked she presently.

'Oh, I am to be put on a month's trial before anything is said to her about it, or to Philip, either. Grace is not going to walk out with me until then. She said it would give her more confidence in me if she saw that I had quite broken myself of going with those fellows, and also it would prevent her people from having anything to say against me. Of course, I shan't go to live with the Browns after you're married, as I thought of doing; I shall go to old widow Smith, who always shuts up her house at half-past nine. I shall be safe enough there.'

During the next few weeks Hannah's heart was lighter than it had been for years. Ted stayed at home every evening except when he was in the lanes plotting for a meeting with Grace, and all the neighbors remarked on the change in him, and said how fortunate it was that he had steadied down so that his sister could marry and leave him with an easy mind.

There was only one thing about Ted which his sister could not understand. When pay-night came he would always seem wretched and uncomfortable. He would still hand her the money for his board as though he were loath to part with it, and he never seemed to have a penny to spare all the week through. She could only suppose that he had some old debt to pay off and was discharging it by degrees, but she saw that he would not allow her to question him upon the subject.

The wedding-day was fast approaching, and one Friday afternoon Hannah went to the town and took her money out of the Post-Office Savings Bank. It amounted to ten pounds, just enough to furnish the parlor, and it was to be devoted to that purpose. On the following afternoon she and Philip were going by rail to a larger place where the shops were better and cheaper. Philip had saved sufficient to furnish the other two rooms, and they were looking forward to buying everything together. When Hannah returned from the Post-Office she locked the money in a box and had just sat down to her needlework when a tap came at the door.

She opened it, and was surprised to see Ted's former companion, Jack Brown.

'Has Ted come home yet?' asked he.

'No, it want's half an hour to his time.'

'Then I must come back again,' said he, doggedly, 'or may-be I'll hang about and catch him, for see him I must.'

Hannah's heart sank within her. The sullen, hovering look on the young man's evil face seemed to bode some harm to her brother.

'You can wait here, if you like,' said she, feeling that if trouble were coming to Ted she would at least be there to share it.

'I don't mind if I do, then I'll be sure of him,' returned he, 'and I'd as lief as not you should hear what I have got to say to him.'

Hannah gave him a chair and handed him an old comic paper which someone had lent to Ted. She could not bring herself to talk to him, so the half-hour passed in silence.

At last Ted's step was heard outside, his hand was on the latch, he burst gaily in whistling a tune, and then stopped short when Brown stood up and confronted him.

'What do you want?' asked Ted, while the healthy color faded out of his cheeks.

'My money,' growled the other. 'I'm in a fix, and you've got to help me out of it.'

'But you promised to take it weekly.'

'I did say so, but that fellow Green has come down upon me for five pounds, so there's nothing for it but to get it out of you.'

'Five pounds! I don't owe you as much as that!' exclaimed Ted.

'Oh, don't you though? Well, I say you do, so it's my word against yours. You've borrowed from me over and over again, and that with the interest, and one thing and another, it's run up to five pounds, and that's the sum I mean to stick to.'

'But how can I give you five pounds; I'm not worth five shillings at the present moment; you know that as well as I do.'

'You'll have to give it to me, all the same,' said Brown. 'You shouldn't have gone in for gambling and betting if you could not pay your debts like a gentleman. I'll have that money, or the whole village shall hear that you owe it to me—and why you owe it, too. You've thrown over all your old friends, Master Ted, and have turned saint for some sneaking reason of your own; but you're not going to get out of paying your debts, I can tell you.'

'Don't I pay you every Saturday, though it leaves me without a farthing?' exclaimed Ted, with flashing eyes.

'Yes, but I want the money in a lump, and I'll have it by to-morrow evening or someone at the end of the village will hear something not to your advantage. If you haven't got it yourself, there's them that has,' and Brown shot a meaning glance at Hannah as he rose to go.

'Come back in an hour's time,' said she breathlessly, 'and I will let you know what we can do.'

He nodded assent, opened the door and was gone.

'Hannah, I'm done for,' gasped Ted, sinking into a chair; 'they'll be dead against me now—Mrs. Day and Philip will; they'll not let her have anything more to do with me. She won't go against them, I know. She's too loving and gentle to make any words in the family; she'd break her heart rather, and I shall break mine.'

'My poor boy!' said Hannah, gently.

'I must bear it—it's my punishment,' continued he, hiding his face in his hands, 'and I will try to play the man and go on just the same; but, oh, I shall never, never be happy again.'

'Dear Ted,' said Hannah, with a sob, 'do you think that I'd let my only brother break his heart if I could help it? I've got ten pounds in that box. You shall have half—'

'What! Me take your money as you've saved up for your house? I couldn't. Besides, you'd have to tell Philip what you'd done with it, so it would all come out just the same.'

'I shall give it to you,' said Hannah, firmly, 'and I shall not tell Philip what I have done with it.'

'Then he'll be angry and break off the match. Oh, Hannah,' and Ted rose from his chair and threw his arms round his sister, 'I've been a bad, wild lad, but I'm not mean enough to let you give up your happiness for me. You deserve to be happy and I don't. I've learned to know myself since last Sunday night. Did you notice that when when we came home from the church I went upstairs?'

Hannah nodded, and looked at him anxiously.

'There was something in the sermon that brought all my sins home to me and made me feel that I must confess everything to God, and ask him to forgive me and make me different. I have felt much lighter and happier ever since, but, all the same, I know I deserve my punishment, and I'm not going to let my sister bear it for me.'

The tears flowed from Hannah's eyes. 'To hear you speak like that makes me feel happy in spite of all the trouble,' she said, 'and I would do anything rather than that you should lose Grace. Mother's last wish was that you should marry some good, nice girl who would be the making of you, and that I believe Grace to be. I don't think that Philip will turn against me; he must surely have learned to trust me by this time.'

Ted kissed his sister with all the warmth of his boyish days, and just as he was doing so Brown's tap was heard at the door. They started asunder, Ted opened the door, and

Hannah placed her money-box on the table. She unlocked it and took out five sovereigns which she offered silently to the young man. His heavy face brightened as he took them, and he said, with a chuckle, 'Ha! I thought you'd know where to find 'em when it came to the point.'

'Stop!' said Hannah, for his hand was on the door, 'you don't leave this house without giving a receipt for the money.'

She gave him pen and paper and made him sit down at the table.

'Make it out to Edward Davis, and say that it is for the whole of his debt to you,' she commanded.

He obeyed. Hannah locked the paper up in the box with the remaining five pounds, and she and Ted breathed more freely when their unwelcome visitor had departed.

On the following afternoon Hannah was standing at the garden gate in her hat and cape, waiting for Philip. She was paler than usual, and when she saw her lover coming down the road, with his calm, measured step, she began to feel more and more nervous.

'So you're ready; there's plenty of time,' was his greeting.

'Philip, before we start I have something to say,' said Hannah, in a trembling voice. 'I hope you won't be vexed; I wanted half of my money for a particular purpose, so I shall only have five pounds to spend to-day.'

Philip was silent for a moment out of sheer amazement. Then he said, rather coldly, 'Of course, you will tell me what that particular purpose was.'

'That is just what I cannot do. Oh, Philip, be kind—be good to me. Trust me—that I have acted for the best, and ask no questions.'

Philip looked at her steadfastly. 'Hannah, I have certain fixed opinions, and I cannot depart from them. One is, that there should never be secrets between married people. Do you intend to tell me after we are man and wife?'

She shook her head.

'Then I cannot marry you.'

'I don't want to marry you if you can't trust me,' said Hannah, flaming up suddenly. 'I didn't think you'd have treated me like this, Philip.'

She turned round in her anger and went hastily up the path to the cottage door. Philip watched her for a moment with a wavering expression on his countenance, but he hardened it again, and walked away towards the school-house. It was very evident that no furniture would be bought that day. In the evening Hannah received a little note from him. It contained these words: 'Our banns were to be asked to-morrow for the last time. Are they to be called or not? We have been faithful to each other for seven years, and I entreat you not to let anything come between us at the last minute; but I cannot go back on what I said.'

She wrote back — 'My heart is very sore, but I have made a promise which I intend to keep. You must do as you please about the banns.'

Hannah contrived to be so busy all that evening and the next morning up till church time that Ted could not get a word with her; but she knew that he would notice if the banns were not given out, and the whole village would do the same. She turned sick and faint at the thought of all the questions she would have to answer in the church yard; and when the slight pause came in the service she braced herself up to bear the looks of astonishment which she knew would be turned upon her before another moment had passed. To her intense surprise and relief, the vicar's clear tones rang through the church—'I publish the banns of marriage between Philip Day, bachelor, and Hannah Davis, spinster, both of this parish.'

Then Philip had relented. Her heart gave such a bound that she felt almost suffocated, and she had great difficulty in keeping back the tears of joy which rose to her eyes.

Philip joined her in the churchyard after the service. She turned a smiling, blushing face up to his; but he said stiffly, 'I thought it would make too much talk if I stopped the banns, and we are not obliged to be married immediately. I feel sure that you will give in some day.'

'I thought you had given in,' she said in a tone of bitter disappointment.

'No, it is a matter of principle with me,' returned he, as he wished her good-bye.

After dinner Ted came up to Hannah and slipped his arm round her waist—

'Hannah, you haven't said a word to me. Is it all right between you and Philip?'

She made an effort to speak cheerfully: 'We quite understand each other, dear, but the marriage is put off.'

'He is not going to make you work to get another five pounds together, is he?'

'He did not say so.'

'Can't you be married without all the furniture?'

'We shall see when the time comes.'

Ted saw that his sister was determined to keep her own counsel; but he did not feel satisfied, and left the house in a sad frame of mind, although Grace had given way to his persuasions, and had promised to meet him just for once in a certain out-of-the-way meadow, where no one else was likely to come.

Grace was quick to see that there was a shadow on her young lover's face, and she gently asked him if there was anything the matter. Ted looked into her soft pitiful eyes, and felt that it would be a relief to tell her his whole story. His cheeks burned with shame as he spoke of his bad deeds — of his gambling and betting, and of the difficulties into which these evil courses had led him; and the tears came into his eyes as he told, in almost inaudible tones of his true repentance and of his desire to lead a better life. Then he related what had taken place in the cottage on Friday night, and how his sister had determined to secure his happiness at the risk of her own.

When he had finished Grace slipped her hand into his—

'I am so glad you have told me everything,' said she; 'now I shall know what to do. You think me a weak little thing, not able to hold my own; but you will find that I can be strong enough when there is good reason for being so, and nobody shall say a word against my future husband, for I won't listen to it.'

'Why, Grace, then you mean to stick to me in spite of everything!' exclaimed Ted; and he hugged her so as almost to take her breath away.

'In spite of everything and everybody,' gasped she; 'but let me go, you rude boy, I haven't finished what I was going to say. I am afraid that Philip has put off the marriage because Hannah will not tell him what she has done with the money. He is a good fellow, but he has too much confidence in himself and too little in other people. He ought to have trusted her after all these years, knowing that such a true daughter and sister would make a faithful wife.'

'I shall not let Hannah suffer a moment longer,' said Ted. 'She was afraid of my losing you; but, since there is no fear of that; I shall go to Philip myself, and tell him everything.'

'You won't be able to see him till after the evening service,' said Grace. 'He called in just after dinner, with a white, miserable face, and said he was going for a long walk and should not be back till church-time. I thought at the time that there was something wrong.'

When Ted got home he found that Hannah, usually so strong and active, was lying on her bed with a severe headache, and seemed quite unable to speak to him. He said nothing to her of his intention, but kissed her gently and started for church after he had washed up the tea things and put everything straight for her.

Philip's eye fell on Hannah's vacant place, and a look of anxiety came over his countenance. He seemed unable to follow the service, and fidgeted uneasily in his pew.

Ted was waiting in the churchyard afterwards, and Philip came up to him and said abruptly:

'Is anything the matter with Hannah?'

'Yes, she is ill; I think it is from worry,' replied Ted looking straight into his eyes.

'Is she very ill?—could I speak to her?' asked Philip nervously; and then his pride gave way and he added, 'Please give her a message; tell her I was wrong. She will know what I mean, and I want her to forgive me.'

This cleared the way for Ted. He poured out his story, and in a few minutes the young men were walking towards the cottage, like brothers, arm-in-arm.

'My noble girl,' said Philip, when he held Hannah, still pale and suffering, in his arms.

'And you will forgive poor Ted?' whispered she.

'I will forgive him anything, if you will only forgive me.'

* * * * * * *

On the following Sunday morning the two young couples knelt at church. Philip and Hannah were there to ask for a blessing on their marriage, which was to take place the next day, and Ted and Grace went as engaged lovers, for the month of waiting had been shortened. Their own wedding was not to take place for another three years; but they were so happy in the present that this did not seem to trouble them; and when they parted on that bright Sunday morning, with the joy of heaven still lingering on their faces, Grace looked at Ted earnestly and whispered.

'I will try to be like Hannah—faithful and true.'

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or caused it to ache
Till ready to break,—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother, who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you, although,
The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother, to pray,
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you will not spare—
Self-sacrifice rare—
So honor that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother, just one—
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you—
What have you for her ever done?

—'Sunday Companion.'

A Burglar's Conversion.

One of the most striking cases of conversion through mission-hall services, reported by a misisonary laboring in the metropolis, is that of a burglar. 'I was speaking,' writes the missicnary, 'in a hall one Sunday night when two men came in, one carrying a large black bag, but I knew nothing about them. One day as I was going to my visitation I was stopped by one of these very men, who called after me, and said, "I want to give you something." "What is it?" I replied. "Anything good?" "No, not very. A few things I've got." Presently he showed me

THE BURGLAR AND HIS BAG.

a large bag of burglar's implements. "Why do you want to give me these? Are the police on your track?" "No, sir, I'm a changed man. I have chucked the whole game, and here are my tools, as nice a lot as ever man got together. I shall never want them again. If I bury them, I shall know where they are, and can dig them up, but if I give them to you I know they will be all right." So I have them all in my possession—skeleton keys, brace and bits, jimmy, crowbar, etc. I asked him what had arrested him. "Well," he replied, "you talked about a man hid in a tree, and you said God saw him." (What I said was, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding evil and good.") "Well," I said, "why did you not go on your job that night?" "Because," he said, "it was a moonlight night, so, with my mate, I came into the hall to kill time, intending later on to crack a crib. But," he added, "the Lord cracked me." '—'The Christian.'

Faith's Refining.

It was hard! If it had been ribbons or a new dress, or even that beautifully bound volumes of Longfellow, which Faith had seen in Stone's window the week before, she would have said not a word. But to give up school, that was different.

'And Alice Carr, and May Manning, and Jennie Cone, will all begin Latin next Monday, and I can't be there! Oh, dear!' And the bright head went down in the pillow with a sob.

'If grandma wasn't sick, and if there was anybody to take care of her but mother, and if—'

But here Faith raised her head from the pillow and faced the situation like a brave girl of fourteen, as she really was. Grandma was sick, and Faith's mother could go to care for the dear old lady, forty miles away.

In the meantime Faith had her share of the burden to bear. She remembered how her mother's hand rested on her shoulder, the evening before, as she said, 'I am very sorry for your disappointment, daughter, but the next thing for each of us is clearly shown. I am to go to grandma, and you are to help Katie till I come home.'

Faith felt very brave then, but now the mother's loving eyes and tender voice were forty miles away, and she was here with Lucy and Fred, to 'make home cheerful for them and for father,' as Mrs. Latimer had said. Not very cheerful did the girl feel, as she went downstairs, the deserted rooms reminding her of mother, and the thought more than once entering her mind, that it was rather hard to be out of school just now.

On entering the kitchen Katie stood by the sink polishing the faucet. Faith looked on intently for a few minutes, and then said, 'It shines now, Katie; isn't it done?'

'No; I like to see my face in it,' said the girl, rubbing vigorously.

What was it that brought Miss Moore's words to Faith's mind? 'Girls, do you remember that verse in Malachi, 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver ?" ' She remembered how, in her winning way, Miss Moore had told them that the refiner of silver watched his work carefully until he could see his image in it; then the refining was complete. The same lesson had been taught again in Katie's homely words.

Until his image could be seen! Might it not be possible that this home experience which seemed so hard had something to do with her refining ? Might it not be that caring tenderly for Lucy, being patient with Fred, making home cheerful for father, the traces of 'his image' would become more strongly marked?

Faith turned to leave the room with a different expression on her face. It was worth trying for; she would make the attempt. And did she care tenderly for Lucy, was she patient with Fred, did she make home cheerful for father?

Perhaps not always; but the decision was made; her life had the right direction, and often in after years she looked back to this experience as the time when the help of the Father in every-day duties began to seem a reality to her and his presence her greatest blessing.—'The Congregationalist.'

Occupation.

When the heart is heavy and we suffer from depression or disappointment, how thankful we should be that we still have work and prayer left to comfort us. Occupation forcibly diverts the mind, prayer sweetly soothes the soul.

'Then,' writes one who has been sorely tried, 'I tell my griefs to God as a child tells its troubles to its mother; and when I have told all I am comforted, and repeat with a lightened heart the prayer of St. Francoise de Chantal (who certainly suffered more than I), "Thy will be done for ever and ever, O Lord, without if or but,"—and then, for fear a murmur may arise in my heart, I return immediately to my work, and become absorbed in occupation.'—'Gold Dust.'

Correspondence

Windsor, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I live near the city of Windsor. My grandmother and my grandfather worked for Mr. James Dougall fifty years ago. We have a temperance hall in our neighborhood. We call it the 'Golden Star.' My brother and sister belong to it. I am going to join it when I am fifteen. They have about fifty members. My brother takes the 'Ontario Good Templar'; it is all about temperance. I take the 'Messenger,' I like it very much. My little brother has a little pug dog. Thanking you for the invitation to all readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' to write, and wishing the 'Northern Messenger' success, I remain, your faithful reader,

MABEL ANNIE.

Whitby.

Dear Editor, — I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have two sisters, Eva, aged six, and Louie, aged two years. I live on a farm situated on Lake Ontario. We have a large cedar bush along the shore, at the south side of our farm. At the west of it is a pine grove, and at the east some cedars.

I have not many pets, but the few I have I take great interest in. I have three rabbits, a dog, a kitten, and some pigeons, all very tame and good playfellows.

I am very fond of reading, and have read a great many books. I would like some of the readers to write about the books they have read. I have read 'The Pansy and Lily Series,' 'The Gypsy Books,' by Phelps, 'Mabel Vaughan,' by Cummins, 'A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life,' by Mrs. Whitney, 'A Sailor's Lass,' by E. Leslie, 'A Divided House,' by Annie S. Swan, 'The Children of the Abbey,' by R. M. Roche, and 'The Two Orphans,' by E. D. Ernrey, and many others which at present I cannot call to mind.

I go to Sunday-school and church, but I do not get the 'Messenger' there, as my papa sends for it for me. My mother used to take it when a girl, and says she used to like it better than all other papers. Your little reader,

EMILY M.

Caron.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter before and was glad to see it in print. I will write again. I live in the North-West, where it is very cold in winter. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is the best paper I have had. My father keeps the post-office. My mother takes the 'Witness,' and we like it very much. I have a cat and one kitten, and my brother has a dog. I have some nice house plants and a few garden flowers, and a nice little bird. We have church every Sunday, three miles away, which we nearly always attend. Your loving friend,

NELLIE.

Little Branch, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I have an apple tree which has a good many apples on it. My sisters have gardens with flowers, among which are pansies, poppies, and other flowers. My father is a farmer, and is working at the hay. He keeps a horse, six cows, and some sheep and two pigs.

I have two sisters and two brothers. My sister and I and my brothers go to school.

Sincerely yours,

CATHERINE, aged 11.

Glace Bay.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I have three cats and a dog. My dog's name is Carlo. We have a large garden with a good many fruit trees. There is a hot house, with a peach tree and a grape vine in it. I am a little boy twelve years of age. I remain your loving friend,

EDGAR.

Calgary.

Dear Editor,—This is Sunday evening, and I had to stay home with my little sister and brother. I have been reading the 'Northern Messenger,' I was away for three weeks or else I would have written a letter before this.

School is now started and I am very glad, for I like school. Your thirteen year old reader.

NELLIE.

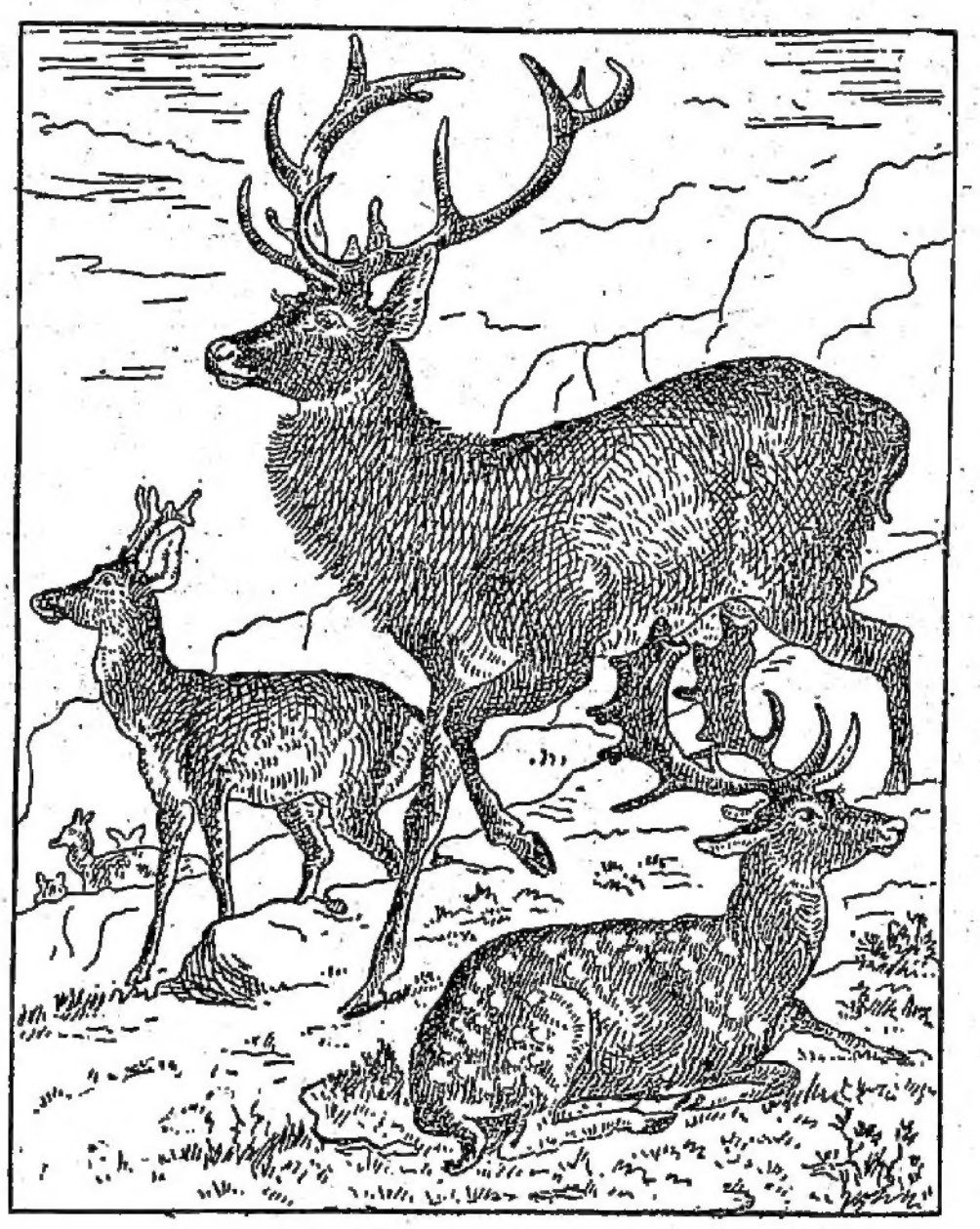
Westport, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother gets the 'Messenger,' in the Presbyterian Sunday-school. My mother, when she was a little girl, got it too. We live on a farm at the head of Rideau Lake. There are three large fresh water lakes; there is good bass fishing in them. On Rideau Lake there are some very fine summer cottages, and people from New York and other places come to spend the summer. Westport has a population of over eight hundred. It has six churches and three large dry-goods stores; also grocery stores. There is a spring of pure, fresh water; and lately there has been a pump put in, and the old mill stone is used for the covering of the well. Westport is the terminus of the B.W&S.S.M. Railway. I have a little kitten, and its name is Dot, and my dog's name is Bob. Yours truly,

TRESSA, aged twelve.

British Deer.

The picture represents the three different kinds of deer inhabiting the British Islands. The largest one is the Red Stag, mainly confined to Scotland, where it roams in large tracts of forest land. The horns are large and branching, with many tines or points. The spotted deer just below him is the Fallow deer, quite common in many parks, and is much tamer, and will frequently feed from our hands. The horns are expanded or palmated at the upper portion. The small deer with the short three-pointed horns is the Roebuck, also common in Scotland, where it is wild, and is the smallest of the three British deer, and is exceedingly timid.—'Boy's and Girl's Companion.'



BRITISH DEER.

Eddie's Dream.

Eddie always wanted to do something else.

If he was drawing, painting was what he liked, and he would draw carelessly, while wishing he could paint. When he took a piano lesson, he was sure the violin would be easier.

It was so in play. A sled was wanted till it came, and then nothing would do but skates. So through all the things boys love, from carpenter's tools to a bicycle.

One day Eddie came home from Sunday-school, sure that he ought to study to be a minister and to drop everything else. He neglected books and play, and only dreamed.

'Are you sick, Eddie?' asked his father.

'No,' said the dreamer, who was always frank. 'I'm thinking I'd like to be a great preacher.'

'Why?'

'I'd make the whole world good—at least half,' Eddie added, as his father smiled.

'Eddie, Eddie! If you were good yourself you'd make a better preacher.'

'How?' asked Eddie, hurt.

His father showed him that every day he lost chances to be truly good.

That night Eddie dreamed again.

First, he saw a train of creatures, cloudlike, dark and changing shape. They melted into air, while some one said, 'These are good deeds people only dream about.'

Then came a crowd of little creatures, stunted, ill-shaped, but looking as if they had been alive. 'These are good deeds missed while dreaming of great ones.'

Last came a host of rosy, radiant beings. Some were tiny, some big, but all beautiful. 'These are good deeds people put into busy lives.'

Their light woke Eddie, and he found it sunlight.

He sprang up, meaning to make even his arithmetic beautiful, and to do all he could 'by the way.'

If you want to know the change it made in Eddy, try it yourself.—'Sunbeam.'

I'll Pay You For That.

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said: 'I'll pay you for that!'

So the duck flew at the hen; but as she did so, her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so, her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

'I'll pay you for that!' said the cat, and she started for the goose; but as she did so, her claw caught in the wool of the sheep.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat; but as she did so, her foot hit the foot of the dog which lay in the sun.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried he, and jumped at the sheep; but as he did so, his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried she and she ran at the dog; but as she did so, her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by the tree.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! and all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

'Hi, hi! What's all this?' cried the man who had the care of them. 'I cannot have all this. You may stay here,' he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to his house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

And so all their good times were over because the duck would not over-look a little hurt which was not intended.—'Accident.'

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LESSON XIII.—SEPT. 25.

Review: Israel's Rise and Fall

GOLDEN TEXT.

'No good thing will he withold from them that walk uprightly.'—Psa. lxxxiv., 11.

Home Readings.

M. Psa. i., 1-6.—The good man.
T. Psa., viii., 1-9.—The nobleness of man.
W. Psa. xix., 1-14.—God's world and word.
T. Psa., xx., 1-9.—Help from the Sanctuary.
F. Psa. xxv., 1-22.—A prayer for mercy.
S. Psa. xxxiii., 1-22.—A song of praise.
S. Psa. xxxiv., 1-22.—The blessing of trust.

Suggestions.

No nation, and no individual, can attain the highest good from life without supreme consecration to God, a lofty ideal, and a holy enthusiasm in the service of God and man.

Sin is ungrateful and mean, as well as wicked. God's goodness, which has ever blessed our lives, which has done more for us than we can ask or even think, should lead us to love and serve him with our whole heart. A gentleman once said to a wicked man, 'You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness.' 'I have not,' cried the man. 'With half the energy I have spent I might have been a man of property and character. I am a homeless wretch; have twice been in State's prison, and have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries; but my worst punishment is being what I am.'

God does all that is possible to save men from sin and ruin. He puts every kind of obstacle in their path — warnings, mercies, punishments, entreaties, love,—to make the way of the transgressor so hard that they will forsake it and live.

Life is both an education and a probation; it is a test of what we are, and a means of making us what we ought to be. The process of education is a probation; the process of proving is an education.

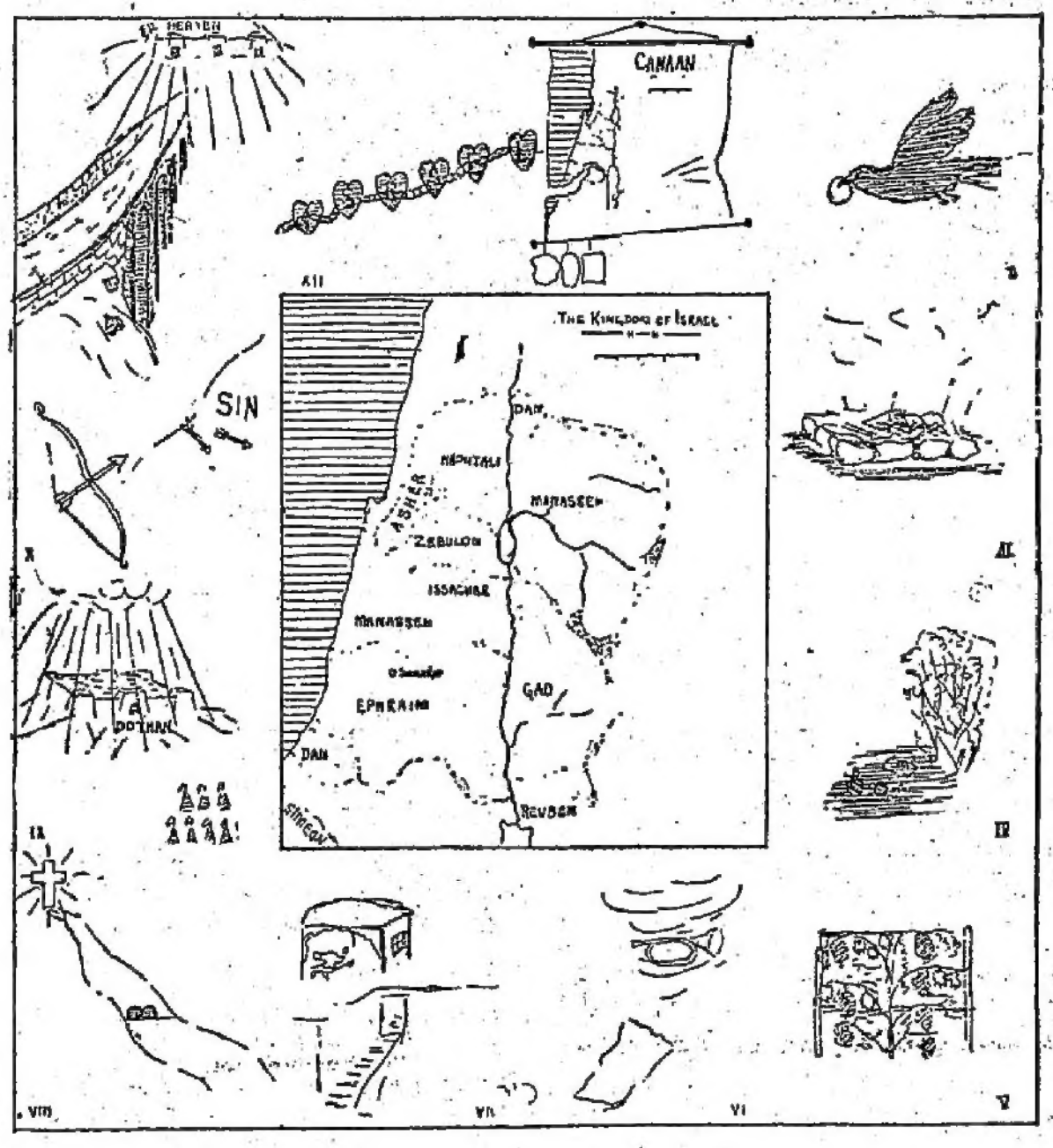
There is a limit to probation. There comes a time when it is too late to change; when, as in the case of Esau, repentance, though it be with bitter tears, cannot restore the lost birthright. The flames have gone so far that the building cannot be saved. Men can ill-treat their bodies, and disregard the laws of health, up to a certain point, and yet recovery be possible. But there is a point, to go beyond which is incurable disease and death. No medicine, no nursing can then save. So with strong drink, there is a time, when the habit is forming when it is possible, however difficult, to leave off. But if the drinking goes on, the habit is so confirmed, the disease of the body is so inwrought, the will so weak, that the drunkard may pray and strive with bitter tears for release, and yet go straight to his cups again. The same is true of all bad habits.—'Peloubet.'

Lesson Illustrated.

This brings us again to our review. One whole quarter has centred around the ten tribes of Israel, so we make the map of that kingdom, the centre of our study. As we group the lessons around it we shall find that the right hand side belong, excepting the first, to the life of Elijah, while the left, save the last two, deal with events in the life of Elisha.

I. The tone map teaches again the far-reaching consequences of a sharp answer. With lesson II. the raven again brings food to —— while in III. is the altar he built at —— and in IV. is the shade, sleep and food God gave him in the ——. V. shows the bitter grapes that were brought by the covetous wish that —— allowed to be gratified by the wickedness of his wife ——. In VI. the trumpet tells of the prophet carried up in a whirlwind, while his mantle fell upon his successor ——.

In this successor's life we come in VII. to the upper room, built for him, and the little life there given back to the mother, who was a —— woman. The river in VIII reminds us of —— who was cleansed in the river ——. In IX. is the city where God's love sheltered one man against a whole army. The arrows in X. are those of King —— of weak faith and small results. In XI. the highway from which men fall through drink, and the hearts of XII. darkened and chained, are the sinful nation going into captivity.



Lessons II., III., IV., VI., VII., VIII., and IX., teach God's care for those who love him. Lessons I., V., XI., and XII., the punishment of sin, and X., the old new lesson, 'according to your faith be it unto you.'

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Sept. 25.—What is true success ? — Matt. xvi., 21-27.

The Teacher's Saturday Night

('Sunday-school Chronicle.')

We may sigh for the leisure and meditation of a by-gone epoch; we may wish that its 'practice of the presence of God' had lingered on into our own time; but it is of no use, we tell ourselves, to attempt to reproduce its characteristics in our strenuous modern world. The Saturday night of our forefathers, meet harbinger of the morning of rest, is part of the tender grace of a day that is dead.

Are we quite certain that it need be so? Might not a quiet half-hour be stolen from the world, greatly to our own advantage and to the welfare of others as well, if we only put forth a determined effort to reclaim and secure it? Unquestionably it might. And if anyone should be anxious to buy up this opportunity, it ought to be the man or woman who has spiritual work to do on the impending day. The Sunday-school teacher will not make the most of the golden chances of the Sabbath, until he learns to consecrate a portion of his Saturday night.

We could not have a better time for getting our own hearts and lives into tune for those sacred tasks and enterprises to which we are going forward. There is none of us who walks through the week without contracting defilement. Making for ourselves a hallowed season and a cloistered place, we should look in and see what our failures have been, and then look out and ask our patient Redeemer to purge and renew us. Just as he washed his disciples' feet when they came in from the sun and the highway and the crowd, so he does not weary restoring our souls. Let us find it out each Saturday night, and then, because we are instruments made fit for his use, the Sabbath will be a day of his right hand and power.

This is the most appropriate season, too, for acquiring a firm grasp of the truth we are going to teach on the morrow. Not that we are now, for the first time, to commence to study it, but that, having previously gained a familiar acquaintance with the message, it should on this final evening be focussed, crystallized, applied to ourselves, considered in its significance for our scholars. The great Athenian statesman and orator, Pericles, was never satisfied with his speeches, unless they left behind them kentra, goads in the minds of his listeners. Far too frequently, though we have the best text-book in the world, and the promise of the Holy Ghost to carry its lessons home to conscience and heart, our Sunday instructions are pointless and ineffective; they plant no arousing and moving kentra in the young souls that hearken to us. The reason, in countless instances, is that there has not been the right preparation beforehand. Our Saturday evenings should be utilized for steeping our souls in the spirit of the lesson; and then, when we meet our classes next day, it will be as the very prophets and envoys of the King.

Power of Sympathy.

A certain lady had often wondered what people felt like who were dangerously ill. At last she got into this condition herself, and was removed to a hospital. She had learned where to look for help, and the Saviour had given her such courage and peace that she longed to speak of him to the other sufferers under the same roof. When our friend was about to leave, she asked the matron to arrange that she might have a little service, which the convalescent patients were invited to attend. They nearly all began to make excuses. Services did no good, and they did not like them, they said. 'Easy to talk, but no one can quite understand what we have gone through.' 'The lady who is going to speak is herself a patient, and has suffered as much as anyone,' the matron replied. This quite altered the case, and almost everyone came to hear the fellow-sufferer. For the same reason Jesus can sympathize with us. He, too, was a patient, a sufferer.—'The Quiver.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Way to Independence.

'Come, Charlie, I want you to drive a few nails in the shed for me,' said Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the time, and her father, overhearing the request of his daughter, said:

'Why not drive them yourself?'

'Because I can't,' she replied.

'Because you can't!' he responded.

'Why, McCarty says there's no such word in the book. Come here, and I'll show you how to drive nails.'

With hammer in one hand and nails in the other, he went into the shed and drove a few into the door, and then gave the remainder to Nettie. She found it an easy thing to drive the nails, and felt quite proud of her achievement in the mechanical art. She having completed the work, her father said:

'Now, my girl, that lesson makes you independent. Some of these days I'll teach you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't let the doors creak on their hinges for want of an oiled feather; or the little children's shoes, or your own shoes, get hard in winter time for the want of a little grease.

'And as for you, my boys,' said his father, turning to Charlie and his little seven-year-old brother, 'you ought to learn how to make a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button. A little cooking will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fish have I cooked in my day, and my mother told me when I was a boy that I could beat any boy at making a pot of coffee. There is no telling what your lot may be, or where you will be cast some time during life. The most helpless people I have met with were those who could do only one kind of work. All you boys and girls should learn some one thing very well and make that your dependence for a living, add to it as much skill as you can, for it costs nothing to carry knowledge, and it enables you to pave your way to independence.'—'Maine Farmer.'

Courtesy to Women and Girls

Many a boy fails to rise from his chair when his mother enters the room, while he would get up at once if a stranger entered; and one would suppose that his mother, who is more to him than all the rest of womankind put together, should, to say the least, have from him the same marks of courtesy as strangers. In fact, you can tell a boy's character pretty plainly by the way he treats his mother; for, as a mother has probably done and will do more for her son than any other woman—with perhaps one exception—will ever do, so he ought, in return, to treat her as his most valuable possession. His courtesy, his chivalrous and knightly bearing toward her, are never thrown away. Perhaps, occasionally, such conduct may, to a certain extent, go unnoticed by some other women, but by his mother, never.

In the same way one's conduct to one's sister is a test of good breeding. Sisters are not mothers, by any means; but still they demand courtesy from their brothers. Perhaps a sister can be pretty hard to get on with at times, but, nevertheless, she is a woman, and she can do certain things without any fear of retaliation, because the nobility of the man in the boy is bound to respect the woman in his sister.

Let her tease or tantalize, but remember the best way to cure her is to treat her so like a lady who could never descend to such methods that she will soon be forced to stop, in order to live up to the character you have given her. Mothers come first, therefore, over all the world, and sisters next. Treat them as carefully as you do anything else in your life, and with even more care, and then we can discuss the rest of womankind. —'Harper's Round Table.'

News And Views.

The 'Witness' depends for circulation on the accuracy, completeness, and promptness of its news, and the sincerity and strength of its editorial opinion. Many other attractive features it has, but the two mentioned are its bone and sinew.

Your Money's Worth.

People do not part with their money without what they consider good reason, if they can help it. But provide a good reason, show them that what you have to sell is something they want at a reasonable price, and if they have the money, an exchange takes place.

Now, this rule applies to newspapers as well as to any other merchantable article. If, therefore, we hope to get reasonable people to subscribe to the 'Witness,' all that is necessary is to provide good reasons for their doing so. Here they are:—

I. News—at the earliest possible moment, as accurate as possible, not the product of imagination, but fact, and both comprehensive and complete. Those who really are anxious for the news will find it in the 'Witness.' Those who read the 'Witness' regularly, will certainly be well informed. Reason one is good.

II. Editorial — well informed, unbiassed, sincere, straightforward, outspoken. Such opinion will always prove interesting, even to those who may hold different views. It is such opinion, and the knowledge that neither news nor editorial space can be purchased at any price, that has been the backbone of the 'Witness,' that has given it the place it now holds in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people, and that gives it so much weight in the minds of politicians of whatever party. Reason two is good.

III. Among the thousand and one features that go to make a paper interesting and valuable to the public, the 'Witness' includes a general question and answer department, besides the following special question and answer departments: — Medical, Legal, Veterinary, Gardening, Chess, Numismatic, etc., etc. 'Witness' subscribers may ask any question in reason, and have it answered by those who, from their position and training, are best able to reply. One question answered is often worth many times the price of the subscription. Reason number three is good.

IV. Then there is religious news, Sunday-school lesson, Christian Endeavor Topic, and Temperance Departments. Besides much reading matter devoted to information and the discussion of the live problems of the day, the 'Witness' contributes much reading of a lighter nature, stories for young and stories for old—a department for the boys, and enjoyed by the girls as well—the Home Department, devoted chiefly to the immediate interests of womankind, and the 'Children's Corner,' which has been the start to newspaper reading during the last half-century of so many of Canada's most enlightened and aggressive citizens. These departments are both interesting and valuable. Reason number four is good.

So much for reasons positive, all good, and surely sufficient in themselves to make the price seem trivial in comparison to the value received in return. But there are other reasons which apply more particularly to homes where young people are growing up.

V. Advertising that is indecently worded or fraudulent, offering things harmful to body, mind or soul, or are in any way calculated to injure the reader are carefully excluded from the columns of the 'Witness.' To do this means to sacrifice between thirty thousand and fifty thousand dollars every year.

If the 'Witness' regards the interests of its readers so carefully, while other newspapers care so little for their welfare that they practically put in everything the law allows, surely the 'Witness,' will be valued above such other papers, especially by those upon whom rests the responsibility of the upbringing of young people. Reason number five is good.

VI. Sensationalism—one of the most fruitful causes of outward crime and inward sin, is the sensational press, though this is little realized. The most disgusting details of murders and other fearful crimes are set forth in a highly colored and exaggerated way by a certain stamp of modern journalism, and the result, as the poet has it:

'Vice is a monster of so dreadful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Yes, the absence of sensationalism, of what is now known as 'yellow journalism,' should be one of the attractive features of the 'Witness.' A clean paper is the best for a clean home. Reason number six is good.

VII. One reason more—some papers are partizan, and most people like a paper that has only good things to say for the party it serves, the party of their choice. And some papers are as negative, as dumb as possible concerning anything on which there is a difference of opinion, fearful lest they should lose subscribers, and, we regret to say it, only speak out when they deem it in the interests of their business to do so. The party paper is far and away preferable to the other class of journal referred to, but neither of them can compare with a journal which strives only to give people the truth regardless of party or pocketbook, and is absolutely independent of either. A sincerely independent paper is the best for those who want to know the real truth. Reason number seven is good.

A great many 'Messenger' subscribers take either the Daily or the 'Weekly Witness,' and know the foregoing to be true. If such would cut it out and send it with the 'Offers, New and Old,' below, to some friend who does not take the 'Witness,' they would do the publishers a great favor, and their friend a true kindness. To introduce the 'Witness' into a home, especially one where young people are growing up, is a good thing to do.

Offers New and Old.

Last week we offered the 'Daily Witness' for one month and a copy of 'In His Steps,' for 26c, or the 'Daily Witness' to the end of the year and a copy of 'In His Steps,' for 57c, or the 'Daily Witness' to Jan. 1, 1900, and a copy of 'In His Steps,' for $3.00. These offers are, of course, still open.

We want to add another. We will send the 'Weekly Witness,' to the end of the year and a copy of 'In His Steps,' for 26c, or the 'Weekly Witness,' to Jan. 1, 1900, and a copy of 'In His Steps,' for $1.00.

We cannot imagine better value in the way of Daily and Weekly Newspapers than the foregoing. The best is the cheapest. The 'Witness' is the best.

Those who send in subscriptions before the twentieth of September, mentioning the offer, will also receive one of the 'Witness' red, white and blue temperance calendars for the month of September.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'